

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men enabled by reading than by nature."

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A Lie that Came Home

When Mr. Abner Strong died he left to his son, Henry, a half section of rocky land on the western slope of the San Jacinto Mountains on which he himself had lived for more than a year. Henry worked in a store in San Diego. On the half section there were a comfortable cabin, a spring of unfailing water and one tree. There were no neighbors except the Ermans, father and son, who lived half a mile away. All that Henry knew of them was that Mr. Erman was a cripple, and that his son, Guy, was peculiar or was considered to be so by the people in the village.

But Henry did not think of that when he saw Guy coming through the sagebrush. He thought only of being friendly.

"Glad to see you," Henry said cordially. "I've been hoping you'd come over. How do you like it up here."

"First-rate. Best place I ever struck." Sitting down on the ground, Guy looked at Henry with good-natured scrutiny. "Father and I thought that we'd better say our say right off. Likely you will be going back to San Diego soon. We'd like to buy you out. What do you want for this land?"

"I don't want to sell it."

Young Erman's rather agreeable face showed a disappointment that was almost consternation. "You—you don't mean to stay here."

"You don't seem to want me for a neighbor," Henry said, with a smile.

"It's not that," Guy replied quickly. "But business is business. I'd kind of like to know what you are planning to do."

"I don't know yet what I shall do. My father had a pension and didn't have to make this land pay. He lived here because it's high and dry. I'm not exactly robust myself. I need outdoor work. I wish you'd advise me what to do."

Plainly perplexed and embarrassed, Guy regarded him doubtfully. "You've come to a hard proposition, far's makin' a livin' concerned. I don't know what to tell you."

He finished, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"I don't wish to be inquisitive, but what do you do? How do you make a living?"

Guy hesitated. "We got turkeys," he said at last. "But we ain't showin' 'em. My father don't like folks comin' round."

"Do you mind telling me whether you make them pay reasonably well?"

"Yes, they pay pretty well."

"Then I'll see what I can do with chickens," said Henry. "I haven't money enough to begin with turkeys. If you've made a go of it, the soil and climate must be all right. If I do well with my chickens, I'll send for my aunt in the East; she's having a hard time, sewing, to support two kids."

"If was you, I'd go slow," Guy said hastily. "Poultry don't pay so awful well as to do what you're plannin' for."

The young fellow was evidently troubled, and as looked down reflectively. Henry had a chance to observe him more closely. His face, tanned to the color of a walnut shell, and his squinting eyes were those of man who had spent much time on the desert.

"Well, see here," Guy said after a minute. "You don't want to sell now, you're likely to after a while. Give us the first chance, will you—bein' next to us?"

"I'll agree to you the first chance, but I can't imagine why you want this piece when you've got a half section yourself."

Guy moved uneasy. "Well, we planned in the first place to file on this half you've got, but your father was ahead of us. So father filed on the half north of you, and I didn't file at all. My right 'll keep till I find something that suits." As he rose to go headless, "I don't want you to think that we want to run you off'n here."

"I don't," the other assured him. "And I hope you will come over here sometimes. This is a lonely place."

"I'll stop sometimes, goin' or comin' between here and the village; but I have to stay with father pretty close."

Having decided what to do, Henry set about doing it; and presently

lumber for coops and wire for fencing were piled up at his door.

"The ground is harder than I expected," he admitted to Guy, who watched silently his perspiring efforts to dig post holes, "but I don't mind that. The yard will last for years; so I'm putting good work into it. I took a walk yesterday, passed your place and saw your turkey fence. It must have taken a big pile of lumber. It looks from the road as tight as the side of a house and as high."

Guy mumbled assent. "I struck a ledge over there," Henry went on casually, pointing to higher ground not far from where they stood. "It's soft, for rock, but too hard for hens to scratch. I meant to have the yard there."

Young Erman's face turned a lighter color, as if the blood had suddenly left it. "Did you s'pose," he asked, forcing a grin, "that this here's farming land—up on the side of a mountain?"

"No, not exactly," Henry replied, a little puzzled by the other's manner. "I'm going to have a patch of alfalfa, though; a little plot that I can water from the spring, for the chickens. How do you get green stuff for your turkeys?"

"Don't get any."

"I thought they had to have it. What do you feed them?"

"Feed 'em what the turkey books says is good for 'em."

"How many turkeys have you?"

"About a hundred."

"What a noise they must make!"

"Terrible noise."

When the yard was ready, Henry thought as many chickens as he could pay for and gave them intelligent care. But his work did not occupy all his time or thoughts. He could think while he dug out sagebrush, and Guy gave him plenty to think of.

Whatever Guy Erman happened to speak of, he talked as Henry had never heard anyone talk before. Indeed, Guy's life had been so unusual that, if he spoke of himself at all, he had to refer to experiences that were far from commonplace.

One of his traits, however, troubled Henry: Guy did not look for the good in people; he looked for trickery. But in spite of their unlikeliness the two were friends.

"You are green some ways," Guy said frankly one day, "but it's a good kind of green."

And Henry was intelligent enough to understand.

Guy came almost every day. He had sharp eyes; he saw too much; he saw when the poultry began dying.

"Losin' many?" he asked, squinting nervously.

"Well—some; but that's to be expected. Same way with turkeys, isn't it? You must count on some losses."

"Sure," Guy returned, seeing that Henry expected a reply.

"You see, the weather is getting pretty warm. By ten o'clock the hens crawl into the coolest places they can find and gasp for breath. I don't see how your turkeys endure the heat."

"I don't, either." Young Erman's voice had a weary sound, and he looked worried and unhappy—though silver clinked in his pocket.

"He's got troubles of his own," Henry said to himself, "and perhaps they are worse than mine."

As the summer advanced, discouragements crowded fast. Henry dreaded to go into the poultry yard in the morning and count the dead chickens that he was sure to find. The small sum of money that he had saved to live on was almost gone, and he had no eggs to sell, because the hens that still survived had not vitality enough to lay. With the exception of salt and corn meal, his cupboard was bare. He shot and cooked a good many rabbits. Indeed, he came to depend on rabbit stew as the one satisfying meal of the day. He had a mortifying suspicion that Guy had a pretty clear idea of the situation, for the other always insisted on sharing with him "bites" from good things on his way home; Guy would profess to be too hungry to wait longer.

Henry slept outdoors partly to prevent any stray animal from destroying his plot of alfalfa. During those still and lonely nights he often heard slight sounds—a sort of muffled rattling, as if a pebble, or bit of rock, set in motion somehow, had

struck another and then others—and he used idly to wonder what small creatures were working or playing in the loose rock of the ledge.

"I don't see that you're any worse off, considerin' everything, than if you hadn't gone into this business," Guy said one morning. "You've lost money, but you're healthier."

"You're right. That's what I think."

"Then you don't feel mean—about anything?"

"I don't know what you're driving at. And we're getting acquainted; that's a great deal."

"Is it? You sure?"

"Certain. If you were not quite so—well, quite so reserved—we'd have made more progress; still, there's time enough, considering that neither of us is twenty yet."

"I can't remember any time when I wasn't doin' things as if I was growin' up," Guy said abruptly. "Honest, now, how much schoolin' do you s'pose I had?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Well, sir, I quit when I was nine years old. That summer I was out with my father, ridin' a jack; my mother died when I was two years old. Well, father was makin' an easy trip, kind of breakin' me in. We was in the mountains, and snow came awful early that fall, and we had to cut for the nearest camp, which happened to be Leadville. Father went to work in one of the big mines, and I just knocked round."

"That was how I learned to keep my mouth shut—hearin' talk between men that was pretty kind to me—talk that wasn't to be repeated."

"Then how long did you stay there?"

"In the spring we lit out. Prospected and mined for six years. Was in the big camps. After a while we took a partner, we three workin' equal; I was doin' a man's work by that time. We had some claims, good ones, too; but when it came time for assessment work that year father was laid up with a smashed leg, and I couldn't leave him. So I paid our partner to do our share of the assessment work—and he jumped the whole group—relocated 'em in his own name. Him that we'd counted on as a friend!"

"It's been just father and me ever since," he added after a moment of silence. "No more takin' chances for us. I've seen many a shootin' for jumpin' claims, but father—well, I guess he was too sore over losin' his leg to do any plannin' to get even. After that he couldn't get round on foot."

"You're been on the desert?"

"Yes; he ridin', I generally walkin', so's to be handy in case—"

He drew a long breath. "There's no tellin' it so's anybody that hasn't been there can understand just how there was ninety-nine chance out of a hundred against our ever gettin' out."

"Then, after the desert, what next? Turkeys?"

All the animation went out of Guy's face. "I forgot them turkeys for a minute. Yes, you might say as they come next." He picked up his basket with a jerk. "I must go home now."

Gazing after him, Henry wondered how they had spent the three years that must have passed between the accident and their going into turkey raising on their mountain land.

One scorching morning in August Henry was sitting idly under the tree when Guy stopped on his way from the village. He sat down beside Henry. As far as they could see, the hills were brown. The grass had dried to a crisp. Heat waves glistened in the still air. At the corner of the house a few sickly-looking hens, attracted by the sound of voices, came into view.

"I drove them out here because I'm sorry for them," Henry said. "There's a strip of ground at the back of the house where they can keep fairly cool. They'd roast alive in the yard to-day."

Guy stared at them in abstracted silence. "How much," he asked presently, "have you lost in this business, countin' your time?"

"I don't know without figurin' up. But I'm going to hang on. Just before you came I was thinking that I'd go back to the store in San Diego until January; by then I shall have saved money enough to begin

here again. I shall try turkeys, because if you—"

"I can't stand this any longer!" Guy burst out desperately. "We haven't got any turkeys! We haven't had any! Now you know I lied."

Amazed, indignant, Henry gazed at him. "What made you lie to me? It would have made a lot of difference if you hadn't."

"I know it," answered Guy.

"I couldn't think of anything else to tell you. You asked me a question that was hard to answer, but I've wished a good many times this summer that I'd told you the truth, whether we ever got your land or not. What we've got behind that fence is a mine—a gem mine. Tourmalines!"

"Well, if that's all the secret you have, I don't see why you couldn't have told me."

Guy laughed bitterly. "We wanted to get your land, because in mining it's fair play to do things that way—and I couldn't foresee that we was goin' to be friends. We've got less'n a hundred feet of the vein. Near our boundary line the vein dips south. You've got it—the whole thing, so to say. I've traced it—nights."

"Then it was you I heard at the ledge!"

"But I haven't stolen from you!" Guy exclaimed quickly. "And if we got your land we were willin' to pay a good price, and I was goin' to square you for all you've lost up here—and more! I wish you could believe that."

"I can't take all this in one minute, Guy. Are you sure that we've got stones that will sell?"

"Sure. I'm sellin', sendin' some to San Diego every week. Father and I put in three years huntin' for this vein, for the rock it generally comes in. You can't feel so bad about all this as I do," he went on. "You've been white all through. I wouldn't lie to you again for all the stones you've got, but I don't s'pose you can believe that."

There was passionate regret in his voice. Henry thought for one swift moment of a little chap "knocking round" in hard places, whereas he himself had had father, mother and home.

"I do believe you," he answered promptly, "and I'll prove it. If you are right about my ledge, I shall want a partner who knows gems. A third's going to my aunt, if she'll come out here and make a home for all of us; a third for me, and a third for you and your father—if you'll come in with me."

"I'm with you," Guy answered huskily, jerking his hat as far over his eyes as he could.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wonders

Arthur Brisbane, the highest-paid editorial writer in the world, whose column, "Today," in the Hearst string of dailies, probably has more readers than any other newspaper writer in America, has the following to say on the education of the deaf in his column of September 21st.

The human body is fearfully and wonderfully made, as the ancient writer observes; it is also a marvelously tough body. Take it to the burning equator, or to the north pole, with temperature 50 degrees below zero, the warm blood inside that body stays at the same heat, does not change half a degree.

In a hospital not long ago you might see a man with his head open on both sides and a tube running through to drain it. The tube followed the path of a bullet. The man recovered.

Isaac Green is in a Philadelphia hospital today with his heart stitched in four places, and recovering. He was stabbed in the heart twice. All that is nothing compared with the miracle of teaching those born deaf, dumb and blind, to speak, understand, and enjoy life.

Deaf-Mute Shot

SHELBYVILLE, TENN., September 15—Cyril Williams, sixteen, a deaf-mute, was shot last night by William Smith, tollgate keeper, when he knocked on a door of Smith's house and did not reply to calls asking who he was and his business.

DETROIT.

The social season of the big organization has undoubtedly opened. The ball was started atrolling by none other than the redoubtable Peter N. Hellers. Pete, as we all know, is first on the roster of the N. F. S. D. Consequently to live up to that reputation he is usually first in local affairs also. At his house, Saturday, August 29th, were gathered one of the happiest crowds that ever graced a host's home. The occasion being a party and reception tendered to Lawrence Lynch and his wife. Mr. Lynch is one of Michigan's prominent Frats. He is an active and enthusiastic member of the Bay City Division. He and his wife had just returned from the Atlanta Convention of that organization. After visiting friends in Toledo, O., and Ypsilanti, Mich., he stopped in at Detroit and spent a week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Hellers. To show that Pete and his good wife do not do things by halves was proven on the date mentioned above. About forty of the Frats with their wives and sweethearts responded, upon receiving cards of invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hellers. To entertain this big crowd, Pete and his wife had to call in first aid. His brother, John Hellers, and wife, was there with both feet, and between the two Hellers and their wives, they made the party one of the most successful and enjoyable so far this year. Mr. Lynch was the lion of the hour, because of his long trip to the South. He entertained the big crowd with a very interesting account of his trip, and the hospitality of our Southern friends. As the assembly were all Frats, I could not get a y facts concerning his narrative. Nevertheless, from late reports the speech was one that interested all, and made them regret that they did not attend the big event at the southern city themselves. However, the verdict of all was that Pete was a prince of good fellows as an entertainer. Mr. Lynch is a leading tonsorial artist of Bay City, Mich., and a graduate of the Michigan School for the Deaf.

The Ladies' Guild held its monthly meeting, September 8th, President Mrs. Robt. McLachlan presiding. This was the first meeting since June, when the society voted to have a vacation during July and August. As it is strictly a lady's organization, I was unable to get any details of what went on, except that the most important business transacted was the reading and acceptance of the new Constitution and By-laws.

The first slip in the cog wheels of the Rev. Charles' perfect system occurred Sunday, August 28th; no one connected with the mission was responsible for the slip. The fault was due to a miscarriage in Uncle Sam's usually efficient service. The Rev. Charles, as is his custom, sent a package of printed cards to the mission's secretary, to be forwarded to Detroit members. As the cards failed to reach the secretary, no announcement was made. As a consequence, the Rev. Charles was forced to hold service before a small audience. Every one regretted this unfortunate affair, as the Rev. Charles has worked himself into the heart of the deaf of Detroit. The secretary has put the matter into the hands of the post-office authorities. He received a letter from them thanking him for the information and stating that the matter will be looked into. As the cards were not returned to the Rev. Charles the fault seems to lay with the postman.

Eddie Jones, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones, will in the future pay more attention to the advice of his parents. He joined the cavalry of the M. N. G. against their advice so as to be able to take in the Michigan encampment at Grayling, Mich. As a consequence he found that the path of a soldier is not strewn with roses. He has only recently been sent home convalescing from a severe attack of Typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meek are at present residing on Brainerd St. Mr. Meek is enjoying a two-week vacation. They were recently

married, and are enjoying a short honeymoon in and around Detroit. Arthur has been employed at the Ford Tractor for six years and has a snug little nest-egg put away for a rainy day. Mrs. Meek is a graduate of the Wisconsin School. As there is only one other person from that school, Mrs. F. E. Ryan, there has sprung up a bond of sympathy and friendship between them. They never met at school either, as Mrs. Meek is the younger of the two. However this does not cut any ice between them. At present Mrs. Meek is seeing Detroit from a Ford, accompanied by Mrs. Ryan. Mrs. Meek went into ecstasy over the beauty of Detroit. The Ford is owned by Crosby J. Ryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ryan.

And near Chicago, one of Detroit's future citizens arrived. It was a ten-pound boy, born September 15th, in Gano, Ill., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Friday, Sr. The youngster is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Friday, Jr., of Detroit and a Ford worker. Although a bona fide Detroit, Frank, Jr., sticks to his native pride and wanted his son to be born in the old homestead under the care of its doting grandma. Frank states that both mother and heir are getting along nicely. They will be home in about two weeks.

Mr. Delebert Johnson spent a week in Toledo, visiting friends. Her husband spent Saturday and Sunday there. They both returned home together.

In writing up the illness and injuries of others, your scribe wrote 'em up as a matter of news, never thinking what pain and agony they undergo. September 8th, he met with an accident that brought these facts before his mind. A piece of iron weighing 14 pounds was dropped upon his foot. An X Ray picture showed that the bone was broken at the end of the big toe. As a result he has been hobbling around on crutches. But still on the job at Fords.

Miss Bessie Toll and Mr. Dan. Halm were married September 14th. The bride is from Toronto, Ont., and the groom hails from Erie, Pa. The wedding was a private one, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown. Only a few intimate friends were invited. Mrs. Nellie Kenny managed the affair.

Mr. Benjamin Dahm believes in preparedness. He has just had delivered to his house, six tons of hard coal. Mr. Dahm recently started in his third matrimonial venture, having been twice bereft by death. The present Mrs. Dahm was the widow of the late Mr. Montorloff. Ben is well fixed in this world. He is a Ford man and owns his own home.

Harry H. McLachlan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McLachlan, spent Sunday, accompanied by his wife, with his parents. Young McLachlan is a dental student at the University of Michigan. Harry and his wife left for Washington, D. C. From there he will go to Philadelphia, where he will finish his course in dentistry. Young McLachlan served with the A. E. F. in the Medical Corps.

MARK TWAIN AS A LIFE-SAVER

The Washington Star says that Mark Twain once sat in the smoking room of a steamer and listened for an hour to some remarkable stories. Then he drawled: "Boys, these feats of yours that you've been telling about recall an adventure of my own in Hannibal. There was a fire in Hannibal one night, and Old Man Hankinson got caught in the fourth story of the burning house. It looked as if he was a goner. None of the ladders was long enough to reach him. The crowd stared at one another with awed eyes. Nobody could think of any thing to do.

"Then all of a sudden, boys, an idea occurred to me. 'Fetch a rope!' I yelled.

"Somebody fetched a rope and with great presence of mind I flung the end of it up to the old man. 'Tie her round your waist!' I yelled. Old Man Hankinson did so, and I pulled him down."

Skin of buffalo is so tough that the Kaffirs make shields of it.

EASTEN IOWA

CONWAY-JENNISCH

Bertil E. Jennisch, of Rock Island, Ill., and Miss Gertrude Conway, of Camden, Ill., were united in marriage at 2:00 P. M., Saturday, August 20th, by Rev. Adams, of the Methodist Church of Rushville, Ill. They were attended by Deuzil Vida and Mrs. Jas. S. Conway. After the marriage ceremony they returned to the home of the bride, where six o'clock dinner was served to about forty guests. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Catherine Conway and is well liked by all. She finished her work at the School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Jennisch is the son of Emil Jennisch, who is foreman of the large Universal Traction Company, of Rock Island, Ill. He also attended the School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, Ill., but for the last five years has been employed by the Velie Motor Company, of Moline. Mr. and Mrs. Jennisch left same night for Rock Island, and are at 2502 - 17th Street. They received many beautiful and useful gifts from relatives and friends.

All who know them, wish them a happy and prosperous married life.

Mr. Arthur Johnson, of Mendota, Ill., has secured a good position as a pastry-baker in Muscatine, Iowa, and his family are now living in Rock Island, Ill. He comes to see his family and folks every Sunday.

Miss Mamie Cannon spent her summer vacation with relatives at Riceville, Iowa, and enjoyed herself at the Labor Day picnic at Waterloo, La.

Rev. H. S. Rutherford gave an interesting sermon to the deaf, Wednesday evening, September 21st. A good attendance was present.

The deaf, of Iowa had a Labor Day, picnic at Waterloo, Iowa. There were about one hundred ten deaf-mutes and had a good success.

September 22, 1921. O. T. O.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P. M. and 2d Sunday each month 9 A. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 3 P. M. Holy Communion, 4th Sunday each month, 3 P. M.

Oct. 9—20th Sunday after Trinity.

St. Ann's Church, 9 A. M. Holy Communion.

St. Ann's Church, 3 P. M.

St. Peter's Church, Portchester, 10:30 A. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.

Oct. 16—21st Sunday after Trinity.

St. Ann's Church, 9 A. M.

St. Ann's Church, 3 P. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.

St. Peter's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion.

Trinity Cathedral, Newark, N. J., 3 P. M. Holy Communion.

Oct. 23—22d Sunday after Trinity.

St. Ann's Church, 9 A. M.

St. Ann's Church, 3 P. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M. Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Portchester, 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion.

Oct. 30—23d Sunday after Trinity.

St. Ann's Church, 9 A. M.

St. Ann's Church, 3 P. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.

The Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A. M.

Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places by appointment.

Office Hours at Guild House: Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to 8:30; except Monday and Thursday.

REV. JOHN H. KENT,
511 West 148th Street,
New York City.

The DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nearer the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

The Institution for the Deaf at Little Rock, Ark., had a narrow escape from destruction by fire, on Saturday, September 24th, as the subjoined paragraphs from the Little Rock, Ark., Gazette of September 25th most clearly show.

That the deaf pupils of the school rendered such efficient aid in saving the Institution buildings is very much to their credit.

Fire, which originated from sparks of a trash fire near Markham and Woodrow Streets, yesterday morning spread rapidly over a tract of pasture on the western limits of the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute, and before a second fire company could arrive, had reached a wooded section and was advancing rapidly toward the building of the institution. Combined efforts of members of Companies 7 and 8, Chief Charles S. Hafer and Assistant Chief Charles A. Burns, assisted by 25 students of the school, finally brought the flames under control after six hours of hard work.

The fire originated in the field which was covered with dry grass, several feet high, and fanned by a northeast wind, the flames were driven towards the institute. Company No. 7 arrived a few minutes after the first alarm was sounded, and Captain Ray immediately called for help. Company No. 8 and Chiefs Hafer and Burns also responded.

All available hose carried by the two companies, coupled with that maintained by the institution, enabled the firemen to combat the flames in spots, but the fire was not brought under control until it reached the railroad, near Lincoln Avenue, a total of 100 acres was swept by the flames.

JAPAN.

SCHOOLS FOR 10,000 DEAF CHILDREN ARE LAID OUT.

The most interesting and most significant education meeting held in Tokyo in a considerable time was the convention of teachers in the schools for the deaf which was recently held at the School for the Deaf in Koiseikawa. Delegates from fifty-three schools attended. A representative of the department of education was also present throughout the meetings, and at the close he promised the teachers there that within three years the government would establish at least one exclusive school for the deaf in each province of Japan. The announcement is especially significant when the present system is understood.

There are now fifty-three schools in which the deaf are taught. Of this number fifty are combination schools for the deaf and the blind. In other words, no distinction in teaching is made between the two. The disadvantages of this system are many, because it is thus impossible to improve the teaching by changes and additions essential with modern progress.

Of the fifty-three schools three—one in Tokyo, one in Korea and one in Formosa—are maintained by the government. Ten are maintained provincial governments, and the remainder are maintained either by municipalities or by private interests. The total enrollment of the deaf in those schools is 1,700.

The number of the deaf in Japan is not precisely known, but there are at least 10,000 deaf children of school age.—East and West News.

CHICAGO.

Little deaf lad, kids will jeer you no more
Because you are different, in sooth;
You wear weary of weathering, over and over,
The jibes of the neighborhood youth
So you struck in your tear-blinded infantile grief
And a tiny tormentor fell dead.
We feared they would jail you with vag and with thief—
But they packed you off schoolwards instead.

Johnnie Nega has been sent to the State School in Jacksonville. Johnnie Nega is the little lad who killed one of his tormentors in the foreign neighborhood of Chicago. For once the Tribune treated a deaf incident with proper respect, instead of its customary sneaking cheap-witticisms. Its article is reproduced in full:

Johnnie Nega was an enigma to the boys and girls who lived in the neighborhood of his home, 1453 Augusta Street. He's 10 years old. But even years ago they became convinced that he was different. "Hello, Johnny," they'd call to him as he sat on the porch steps of his house, staring with pale eyes into the horizon. But Johnny didn't notice them and didn't answer them. He just kept on staring. The kids said seriously that Johnny had been killed by a gypsy when a baby and was therefore in secret communion with invisible witches.

DOESN'T PLAY WITH THEM

"Come on Johnny; let's play 'run, sheep, run,' the more daring of the boys would call to him after school. But Johnny didn't give them a glance. He never spoke to them. For Johnny Nega was deaf and dumb and people said he wasn't as bright as most boys of his age.

When the children on Augusta Street grew older they ceased being afraid of Johnny Nega. They discovered that he wasn't very strong. They discovered that his disdainfulness was really timidity and his ignoring of them merely the defect of his hearing. Wherefore they began to jeer at Johnny Nega when he came slowly down Augusta Street. "O, Johnny Long face!" they mimicked. Some of the older boys threw broomsticks between Johnny's legs and everybody howled when he went sprawling. Even the girls began to jab him in the ribs.

THEN COMES BIG JOKE.

Then a great jest was invented for Johnny Nega. A house-to-house peddler was in the vicinity. He was selling patent toy whistles that you blew with a trick of the tongue and sometimes they made a noise like an oriole. The kids brought the peddler to Johnny. For three-quarters of an hour he described the merits of his whistle to the boy with the empty ears. The neighborhood giggled over it for weeks.

Johnny was slowly walking home Monday night. Again, the day after-day teasing. Three little girls danced in front of him, crying, "Johnny Long-face! Long-face!"

Tears blurred his eyes. Before, he had run home to his mother and found solace on her bosom. Now he could stand it no more. Johnny Nega made a terrible face. He threw out his arms and struck Wladislawa Liss, 10 years old, 1525 Augusta Street. She fell on the pavement.

Early the morning of September 7th she complained of pains in the head. Dr. Francis J. Tenozar, 984 Milwaukee Avenue, was called. She died before he arrived. Johnny Nega is at the West Chicago Avenue Police Station. He only shrugs his shoulders.

Big Robey Burns
Back schoolward turns
To teach his tota to tumble,
To kick and pass
But not, alas,
To fizzle or to fumble.
His motto must be "Treat 'em Rough"—
He learned from Zuppke and Prehn and Huff!

Robey Burns, Gallaudet '20, is back at the State School in Jacksonville after taking a six-week summer course in athletics at the University of Illinois, in Champaign, under such celebrated coaches as Huff, Zuppke and Paul Prehn.

A deaf man in a class of some 400 hearing coaches, from all parts of the United States! Burns is said to have made a hit with his famous instructors, and to have completed the course with credit.

Having myself played football sixteen seasons, on school, club, and semi-pro teams, I fancied where was not much, I did not already know of the game. A fifteen minute conversation with Burns proved my error. Burns knew the technique of plays, I never even heard of. There was "the cart-wheel"—a form of spilling the interference by presenting the buttocks with a cartwheel, or rotary motion that positively prevented injury. Had I known that before, it would have saved many wretched hours in the hospital. The knee of a 180-pound runner at full speed, when shoved into one's side just below the floating rib, seems to go clear through a fellow. (Just job your own thumb into your side and see.)

Burns made an auspicious start last year; his success with the I. S.

D athletic teams (the school has for decades been without representation in sport) will be watched with interest.

Walter Sutka, "Silent Olson," is training nightly at the Sac, with a crowd of hero-worshippers in attendance. September 20th Sutka was defeated in Detroit by Bill Demetral in straight falls 34:10 and 13 minutes. Demetral, a famous professional known as the "Greek Demon" weighed 194, and Sutka 168.

Sutka made small money last year, preferring to handle his own match making and save the manager's share. This season he is under the management of Ed. White, who manages Johnnie Myers, and White has booked a string of engagements that will keep Sutka busy a long time.

Once in a long while one of those loose fingered scandal-mongers gets it in the neck—whereon all decent JOURNAL readers relax with a happy smile. Once in a long while Take one of the recent deaf picnics. A foppish dude, who is reported to have deserted a wife and child near New York City, where they have since led a half-starved existence, turned out in "Metropolitan togs—Fifth Avenue, don't you know?" Also with a line of what he insinuated was Metropolitan talk. (Wow! Don't jump on me so hard, Mr. Editor; 'twas he said it is New York style, not I.) Miss This and Mr. That; Mr. Whim and Mr. Wham. You know I! Presently he started to rip up the reputation of a dead frat. Failed to notice a brother of that frat in the group surrounding him—a quiet, peaceable, sissy-sorter-chap. Bing-Bang-Bong! The sissy lit in with both fists and the white flannel trousers, fresh from Fifth Avenue, "mopped up an amazing amount of plebian, provincial dust. George made a good job of beating up the slanderer, then threw him out of the park.

Another party went to court as a result of idle and scurrilous remarks—at least they were decidedly scurrilous when they reached her ears. Probably grew in size, strength and aroma with every telling. Unfortunately the point the warrant covered was faulty, and she lost the case; but deserves a kind word for her courage in doing her mite to curb the present wave of malicious gossip—a wave that comes up every now and then.

Swat the liars—accidental or intentional.

Before they swat you.

The Home News, a small weekly printed for circulation around Garfield Boulevard, had over a column on the Sac in its issue of September 14. Excerpts: "We have no use for those who capitalize their deafness . . . fakirs," said F. P. Gibson. "One recently came to my office down town; I called the building policeman who pretended to take his fingerprints. The fakir then broke away crying: 'Let me go, I gotta 'nuff.' . . . Among the 150 married couples in this club there has been only one child born deaf." Indiana Ave. has the distinction of being the only street in the world having two institutions for the deaf of a non medical nature. Besides the club, there is a church owned free of debt by them, up just above 61st. It is open to all denominations. Weekly Wednesday evening dinners are served, followed by delightful social meetings.

Some of the locals have been meeting H. J. Gott down town. He peddles alphabet cards openly, and bragged he made \$10 in a single morning when met one noon. Displays letters from a high police official, etc., vouching for his integrity, or something. The decent deaf rant and rave and threaten all sorts of dire disaster for thus jeopardizing our good name—yet few of the ravers do the sensible thing and join the N. A. D. Let the Nad tackle the matter in good time.

Mrs. Fred Wirt and two children motored to spend a week with her brother in Northern Michigan.

Miss Mary Peak, Los Angeles, spent several weeks in this city last summer, whether she was summoned by the serious illness of her brother.

On a decided change for the better, Miss Peak went back to California, but had hardly got there before her brother suddenly took a turn for the worse, and died.

Miss Josephine Dunne, the life of every Epiphethan gathering, married Lawrence Fry, a frat, the morning of the 22d. The wedding was followed by a big feed given by the young lady's parents, followed by a dance in McCormick hall, attended by some 200—mostly deaf.

Miss Edna Twiehaus deserves the crown as Chicago booster extraordinary. Her latest achievement in the line of adding to the quantity (particularly the quality) of Chicago, is persuading the Misses Gladys and Charlotte Watts, daughters of wealthy Ottawa, Ill., family, to secure a situation in Chicago. Miss Gladys graduated from the Jacksonville school last June, while Miss Charlotte retains some degree of hearing. Both are strikingly pretty.

Fred Schroek, Deaturer, is now working in Schultz bakery.

The Paul Martins and baby have left San Francisco to again reside in Los Angeles.

September 24 the Pas-a-Pas Club held a "slogan contest," managed by that old-timer Dick Long. Prizes went to Ben Frank and Mrs. Chas. Hemstreet—free feeds at the cafeteria. After having long been without a brain-twister, the attendance was surprisingly small.

At the same time the Silent A. C. held a bunco party—fourteen tables. Prizes went to Edward Rowse and Mrs. F. P. Gibson. (Bunco is not a game of brains, they say.)

THE MEAGHERS.

FANWOOD.

On September 20th, Principal Gardner had the following letter mailed:—

"TO PARENTS OF PUPILS:—

"During the past two or three years there have been many requests from parents of our pupils for their children to spend Saturday and Sunday at home every week, or every two weeks.

"The Institution is trying to arrange a plan by which these requests may be granted without great loss to the pupils by reason of their missing too much time from the activities of the school.

"If you want your child to go home every week, or every two weeks, write and tell me.

"Should a sufficient number of such requests be received from their parents, pupils whose absence will not interfere with their regular duties may leave the Institution at 8 A. M. on Saturdays.

"Small pupils must return at 4 P. M. and older pupils at 7 P. M. on Sundays. These arrangements are only temporary and their continuance will depend entirely upon the prompt return of the pupils at the time specified.

"LEAVE OF ABSENCE WILL NOT BE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO FAIL TO RETURN PROMPTLY."

The first home going was quite encouraging, as all the pupils reached the school on the time marked on their permits.

Cadet Charles Knoblock stayed with his friend in Schoharie during the summer vacation. On July 27th, he found a lifeless body in the water near his favorite place for swimming. It was the body of a daughter of Elizabeth Wedman. She was one of the party of ten children, who went out for a swim. Receiving no response, they became frightened. Cadet Charles Knoblock carried the body in his arms out of the water. His name was printed in the Schoharie weekly newspaper.

Cadet Sergeant Joseph Jensen traveled one hundred and eight miles with his friends on an auto trip last Sunday, touring Long Island.

Many old time Fanwoodites will remember "Freddy" Baars, who learned the art of printing in the JOURNAL Office. He made good from the start, and has always worked in first class offices. For several years he was in the employ of the University Press of Chicago. Then he went to California and for several years taught printing to the boys of the California Institution at Berkeley. He resigned about a year ago and has since been holding a steady position in the job department of the Honolulu Advertiser, Hawaii.

Joe A. Becker, J. Whalen, and Edward Mathisen are new cadets. Cadet Joe Whalen, a cousin of Cadet First Sergeant Whalen, was transferred from the Westchester School, and Cadet Edward Mathisen from the Trenton School for the Deaf in New Jersey. Cadet Edward Mathisen's height is five feet and ten inches, and his weight ninety-five pounds. Cadet A. Becker left the 23d Street school two years ago.

Cadet Rudolph Behrens, Cadet James Garrick, and Cadet First Sergeant, and Cadet Band Leader Pokorny used to run around the boys' playground during the summer vacation. Behrens always held the first place in the long distance. He tried his best everyday to beat the time made by Cadet Captain Edward Malloy in the one mile run.

On September 23d, Cadet Adjutant Lieut. Charles Klein was called to attend the funeral of his aunt in Long Island. She came from Russia three months ago.

On September 23d, Cadet Corporal Ben. Shafrank, Cadet First Sergeant Tom Whalen, Cadet Lieut. Abe. Liteblau, Cadet Color Sergeant Mitchell Czech and Cadet Color Sergeant Dan. Lazarus, saw Mayor Hylan and Commission Ed. right in the Police Field Games. They said that the games were very interesting and they enjoyed themselves to the limit.

Miss Katie Currier, a teacher of the Fifth Grade, arrived here from Europe last week. She told her class that she flew by airship from London to Paris.

Cadet Fred Hoffman said that he had a narrow escape when diving. He almost hit a horse shoe with nails in it. He brought it to shore, and is going to keep it as a reminder.

About twelve cadets witnessed the thrilling base-ball game between the Cleveland team and the Yankee team, at the Polo Ground, on September, 23d.

Mr. Verne Barnett, of Denver, Colorado, and Mr. Yates Lansing, of Little Falls, N. Y., were visitors here last Wednesday. They are in the city on a visit. They enjoyed their visit here very much.

Miss Alice E. Judge is on the sick list.

Miss Gertrude Sheehan, Physical Director for the past two years, was a visitor on Friday, September 30th. Miss Sheehan resigned to take a position at the U. S. Public Health Hospital, No. 61, at Fox Hills, Staten Island. She will be in reconstruction work, giving corrective exercises to soldiers, gassed, shell-shocked, etc., during the war.

Last Sunday afternoon, the pupils assembled in the chapel, and Prof. Iles' deliverance on the topic, "Return good for evil," was very interesting.

The new ascribes for Fanwood column are Cadet First Sergeant Tom Whalen, Cadet First Sergeant Emil Mulfeldt and Cadet Sam Meyers. They will try and do the best they can to chronicle doings at Fanwood.

A Catholic View.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your valuable paper of September 15th, Rev. Cloud says that Mr. Frank Gray mentions no names, cites no specific instance, gives no particular location of the trouble and does not definitely fix the responsibility. I can show you that what Mr. Gray says in the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is all right, and he is right that he did not mention names, since the names of writers of private letters cannot be made public without their consent. I have personal letters from State Councils. What I shall prove:—

From the Catholic Deaf-Mute:

"Enlightened public opinion is the basis of intelligent progress. Not only should we be wide awake, but also have the widest possible range of information. To this end wide and well-balanced reading is essential. While keeping abreast with current events in general, we should maintain unbroken connection with the regular and dependable sources of information affecting ourselves. The Nad has been and for some time at least may continue to be little more than an official bulletin. The more support given school and church papers the better. But for general reliable and up-to-date information, Mr. Hodgson's JOURNAL and Mr. Porter's Silent Worker should be in every home. Mr. Kenner's Jewish Deaf is rising

strong above the eastern horizon, casting its welcome light over the land. The Frat has its special field and all who can qualify should get their names on its mailing list." The above quotation is from a long address delivered by the Reverend J. H. Cloud, who happens to be president of the National Association of the Deaf. He is a Protestant minister with all the prejudices of a narrow-minded man of that class. He takes care to omit the name of the Catholic Deaf-Mute from his list of deaf-mute papers, though he knows very well of its existence. Well, we would expect more liberal treatment of a man, who holds his position, but as a leopard cannot change his spots no more can a bigot cover up his prejudices. It is bound to crop out. But his reasoning is in line with his proselytizing efforts in St. Louis, where he tried to induce Catholic girls to come to his church by telling them that they were not really Catholic, because they had not been confirmed.

I can tell you that Rev. Cloud made a great mistake in omitting the Catholic Deaf-Mute, and it will offend the Knights of De l'Epee members and Catholics. Why did the N. A. D. fix their convention in Detroit on the same date as the K. D. Convention, so as to hurt the K. D. Convention? It is the truth that the K. D. Convention was rather small; about 300 delegates and visitors in Milwaukee, as so many Catholics attended the N. A. D. Convention in Detroit. The K. D. members and myself as delegates didn't attend the N. A. D. Convention.

The Catholic Deaf-Mute says that during the convention in Milwaukee last August the K. D. selected Pittsburgh for its next convention in 1923. We are reliably informed that the President of the National Association of the Deaf tried to get the Deaf of Pittsburgh to have the next convention of the N. A. D. in that city in the summer of 1923, or at the same time as that of the K. D.

I want to know why Rev. Cloud didn't answer Mr. Gray's statement about Catholics in Pittsburgh. I can tell you that Catholic deaf in Pittsburgh refuse to continue their membership in the N. A. D.

I have a personal letter from Chicago. It says: "I don't think it advisable for your members (K. D.) in Pittsburgh to join the N. A. D., just now, because of their past tactics in discriminating against certain of our members. To join under present conditions, you would only be helping them to put their foot down more heavily on us. Why not wait until they show us more respect. As an organization the N. A. D. is all right, if it lives up to its objects, but bad officers can use their position to harm the organization and others."

I am a loyal member of the N. A. D., as we, deaf-mutes, must fight against Pure Oralism. Mr. Gray, as State Organizer for Pittsburgh, is trying to get more members to join the N. A. D.

Rev. Cloud says that Mr. James Donnelly, of New York, was not ignored at the Cleveland convention. Did Mr. Donnelly speak or not? But the Catholic Deaf-Mute says that the writer (or Mr. Donnelly) asked permission to state the purposes and aims of the K. D. He was turned down. The Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, a Methodist clergyman of Chicago, stated that it was a religious society and the N. A. D., recognized no religious societies.

I was a delegate in the Baltimore Convention in 1917. A motion was made and passed that money collected from various Councils for the De l'Epee Memorial Statue Fund be refunded to Councils. If the motion was not made, the K. D. Councils would have helped the N. A. D. a great deal. What does the Rev. Mr. Cloud think of that?

"Anent, Mr. Jere Fives, articles appearing in Catholic Deaf-Mute, I wish to frankly state that Knights and Ladies of De l'Epee cannot countenance his suggestion of lifting the embargo in relation to allowing our members to enroll in the Greater New York Branch of the above named association, for the reason that we cannot show impartiality in the matter. It would be absurd to let one branch have the privilege of enrolling our members of the N. A. D. into their association to the discrimination of other branches, for the reason that, if we allowed our New York members to join, their moral and financial backing would defeat their own ends by seeking destruction in other quarters. We are sorry it can not be done; but if the N. A. D. is so anxious to enroll our members, then why in good heaven's name did they not give us the recognition due us, so this could have been avoided long ago. The damage has been done, so we can say now, let the fiddler pay the price."—Catholic Deaf-Mute.

In conclusion, I believe Mr. Gray was sincerely trying to restore harmony between the N. A. D. and its Catholic members, lack of which threatens to split the deaf into two parties, when they more than ever need unity of purpose.

VINCENT DUNN
CRAFTON, PA., Sept. 24, 1921.

DENVER.

John Kilthan was taken to the Park Hospital recently to undergo an operation. At the same time Joseph Wilkins got one of his fingers badly cut in a wood working machine, but is at work.

By the time this gets into print, C. P. Jones will be in Pueblo, Col., and making preparation to move a house from a small ranch he owns to a site in the city in order that he can rent house and thus get some income from it. His wife and son have already gone, and he is baching for the time being.

Denver Division, No. 64, N. F. S. D., has definitely given up its club room at 1731 Wapahoe Street, and after October 15th, will rent a hall for two nights per month i. e., the first and third Saturday nights of each month. It is to be regretted that the club room idea has been discontinued, as with a club room the Frats could drop in any evening and swats the news, or play cards or pool. Whether the new idea will be popular remains to be seen.

It is very difficult to secure suit-club rooms at a reasonable rental these days. Rents are still going up. How much longer the people will stand these raises is hard to tell, but when they do put their foot down, some of the landlords will get stung, we bet.

There is a large tire factory in Denver. Do they employ any deaf mutes? They do not. Why? We dunno except they belong to the class of prejudiced nuts. They will have to be educated up to the deaf. Ford has a large branch here and nary a deaf man can get in. Funny when the Detroit factory employs such a large number of silents.

Quite a lot of interest is being shown in Bob Frewing's proposed basketball team. One fellow in particular is trying to start ahead on his own without letting the deaf get behind him. He is foredoomed to failure, if he does not get that support. It is probable that the basketballers can get the gymnasium of St Marks Church at 12th and Lincoln to practice in.

Saturday evening, September 24th, the Card Club held its initial meeting of the year. At this meeting new officers were elected as follows: T. Y. Northern, President; Mrs. Reid, Vice-President; F. A. Lessley, Secretary; J. S. Hawat, Treasurer, and L. F. Alford, Serg.-of-Hoyle. After T. Y. Northern had been sworn in duly according to Hoyle a number of important things were discussed and done away with in due time. The first regular meeting will be held October 8th, with Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Alford as host and hostess.

Regular meetings will be held every two weeks as heretofore during the cooler months of the year, a list of the members is not now available but it is understood they number twenty two in all.

Mr. Clarke of Chicago is visiting in Denver at present. This is his fifth visit to Denver in the last ten years. He is a former Colorado boy and just can't keep away from this great and glorious State.

John S. Fisher is now working in the Hammersmith Printing Co., here he is the boss of all he surveys. John is a coker of a printer but has yet to find any type lice,—must be rare critters in his shop.

Sunday afternoon, September 25th, found thirty silents assembled in St. Episcopal Church, at 12th and Lincoln St. This was the initial meeting of a Bible Class, which is to be held hereafter at the above mentioned church every Sunday evening, at 7:30 P. M. The result of the meeting brought to light the following officers: H. E. Grace, Superintendent; F. Reid, teacher; Mrs. E. G. Whitaker, Secretary and C. P. Jones, Treasurer.

Tuesday evening, September 20th, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Tansey, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hawat and Bob Frewing motored out to Henderson, Col., fourteen miles north of Denver, on a proposed hunting trip. It was to be a moonlight rabbit hunt, like those opossum hunts way down south, but as no "bunnies" showed up, they detoured to the Wolpert Ranch, conducted to the parlor a warm conversation ensued, much to the merriment of those present, but chiefly to the host and hostess and their daughter, Lucille, all because T. R. Tansey, turned out to be so "green." He went so far as to inquire how often the dairy cows were milked and tried to uphold his decision that a cow has a lower as well as an upper set of teeth. D. E. Wolpert proceeded to light the lantern and conducted him to the barn, when he finally gave up the argument. We don't doubt that he would have readily agreed with us that a cow gets up front and first and that a hen has a set of teeth. Delicious watermelon was served prior to the departure of said party.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Allen, a baby girl, weighing five pounds.

Several weddings are reported to be scheduled to take place soon. For fear we will hitch up the wrong parties we will wait for further particulars before we give out names.

Quite a number of out of the State deaf have dropped into Denver this year. It has been the writer's poor luck not to meet any of them. Some of them stayed only a few days, some several weeks. Mr. Cox, of Chicago, who has been in Denver for some time returned home recently.

Saturday evening, September 17th, the Denver Division, 64, gave a whist party. Quite a large number of the local deaf turned out and "whisted" to their heart's content. At the present time the prize winners are unknown to the writers. On October 22d, there will be a Masquerade party at T. M. A. Hall. A good time for all. No excuse for staying away. A week later, October 29th, the Ladies of the Liberty Club will have a hard time party, and the tougher you look the better your chances of cooping the grand prize.

The father of Mrs. Buel died recently. The funeral services were attended by quite a number of the deaf of Denver.

The fishing season is about over and the hunting season will soon be here. Quite a number of the local deaf are enthusiastic hunters. The first to go hunting this year were T. R. Tansey and J. S. Harvat. No report of the game bag was made, but we bet it was as empty as when they started.

DENVERITES.

PRINCE JAIMIE STILL DEAF.

MADRID, SPAIN—The deafness of Prince Jaimie, second son of King Alfonso, has not been modified in any way, despite widely published reports, according to the King's Secretary, Emilio Torres, in reply to a question. English and other doctors who examined the Prince failed to discover a remedy.

The Prince enjoys excellent health, is notably intelligent and speaks fluently, and those persons with whom he converses scarcely notice his affliction, as he is able to follow with ease the mouth movement and expressions of these speaking.

Other persons in the royal suite have confirmed the Secretary's declaration.

Knocked Deaf and Dumb by Lightning

JANESVILLE, WIS.—David Murray, 40, 604 South Academy Street, night engineer at an ice cream manufacturing plant, was knocked deaf and dumb by a bolt of lightning, which struck a telephone post on Park Street, directly to the rear of the Shurtleff plant, shortly after midnight Sunday morning. Monday morning, he was still deaf and unable to speak.—Northwestern, Oct. 12, 1921.

ISLAND FALLS, MAINE, Sept. 26.—Robert Haines, about 40, was killed by a Bangor & Arroostook train near Ashland Junction while walking on the track yesterday. He was deaf and dumb. A wife and daughter survive him.—Augusta Journal

NEW YORK.

Summary:—Goals from field, Erlanger-Shafrank 7, Nadler 6, Skidelsky 4, Wincig 2, Lieberman 1, Robertson-Goldstein 4, Kaminsky 3, Haberman 5, Hecht 2, Goldberg 1. Goals from foul—Shafrenak 2, Kaminsky 1, Goldberg 1. Referee—Allen Ottanach, Time of halves 20 minutes each.

XAVIER A. S. NOTES

Bright skies and balmy weather, along with Father Dalton's infectious smile, backed up the JOURNAL forecast a few weeks ago a near-to record attendance at X. E. S. services October's first Sunday. The sum total was around the 200 mark, more or less. Father Dalton showed no favorites, greeting one and all with that "Happy to see you" smile.

Only during the recital of his sermon on the Sacrament of Extreme Unction did the Rev. Jesuit's features assume a serious look. His signs were of the "hold-fast" order, hope for the day when Ephiphanians of other section will have the benefit of his sermons on off-Sunday at Xavier's. Benediction followed. Servers Jerry Fives and "Tom" Daly formed a dignified and picturesque duo to Father Dalton, who was celebrant.

Mister Joe Graham (he celebrated his "fifty first" a few days later) was in his accustomed stand as head usher. His new four-in-hand blazed the trail along the centre aisle directing each new arrival to a seat.

The Executive meeting was a lively one. President Cosgrove presided. Addition of six new names to the roll-call. Some eighty-five dollars was allowed for sick relief and other purposes. Secretary Mae Austria showed a new Minute Book. Treasurer Miss Lamberson, who came from her Glen Cove, L. I. home in a Rolls-Royce, announced finances near the two thousand mark. Later, at the general meeting, President Cosgrove made a strong plea for all the Catholic deaf enrolling as dues-paying members of the X. E. S., recalling instances of the good work the society had supported.

Announcement by Matty Higgins' proxy of a "Social" at Brooklyn, K. of C. hall, October 23d, was greeted with favor. President Fogarty, of the Xavier Branch De l'Epee Society, has volunteered to step aside for the help of the St. Vincent A. A. athletic branch of the X. E. S. With Matty, who is a counterpart of Chicago, Jimmy Meagher in this section, at the head, a big affair is expected to be announced later.

Other speakers were Thomas O'Neil, who suggested a revival of competitive essays, with prizes the goal, be made a feature of the November Brooklyn meeting, on De l'Epee's anniversary. President Fogarty promised to give it immediate attention.

Mr. Loneragan's request for the combined petitions of all Ephiphanians that Father Dalton, be continued at Xavier's as permanent pastor or irremovable rector of the X. E. S., struck a popular chord. His assignment as pastor of the Xavier Ephiphania Centre for a year to come, as stated by the writer in a recent JOURNAL, was hailed with delight on all sides. That his Superiors may come to realize how earnest Ephiphanians are to have him remain as permanent pastor, there is one sure way to make apparent. Overflow attendances at each first Sunday services will have greater effect in convincing the Rev. Jesuit Provincial than possibly anything else. It is up to Ephiphanians to put his retention as Permanent Pastor over the top. Will they make the effort?

H. A. D. NOTES.

"Dante," or Heaven and Hell on earth was the subject of Rev. A. J. Amateu's sermon at the Friday evening services, held on September 30th.

The religious services for the Jewish New Year were very well attended.

Sunday evening, October 3d, Rev. Amateu spoke on "Rosh Hashouch," the significance of the New Year. On Monday morning, October 4th (New Year's Day) his sermon was: "Whether Thou Goest, Oh Israel!"

The most solemn of holidays will be the Day of Atonement, which commences Tuesday evening, October 11th, and continues on Wednesday, October 12th. All Jewish deaf-mutes are urged to attend.

A spirited basket ball game took place on the S. W. J. D. Court last Sunday afternoon between two self-styled teams, namely "The Erlanger Five" (H. A. D. Juniors) and "The Robertson Five" (H. A. D. Seniors.)

Arrangements were in the hands of Chairman Henry J. Goldberg, who, by the way, was on the Senior team. The Kids, however, were out to win and trounced the latter to the tune of 42 to 32.

Following was the line up:—

Erlanger Five (49)	Robertson Five (33)
(H. A. D. Jr.s)	(H. A. D. Sr.s)
Skidelsky 1 f.	Fishberg 1 f.
Nadler c. f.	Goldberg c. f.
Shafrenak c. f.	Kaminsky c. f.
Lieberman 1 g.	Haberman 1 g.
Wincig 1 g.	Goldstein 1 g.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

October 1, 1921.—Mr. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill with their little daughter, recently made a visit to Chattanooga, Tenn., and visited the famous battlefields between the North and South, 1861-65, and from there went to the Lookout Mountains. The ascension to the top, 1700 feet from the base, was made by an incline plane car. There are many fine buildings along the edges of the mountains. Many monuments and Confederate guns on wheels are to be seen at a point, which is very precipitous, and means death to any one who should lose his balance. From this point a picturesque view of the surrounding country below presents itself, and is charming to behold. The Tennessee River flows through a southern course. They saw the famous Umbrella Rock, and then descended hundred of steps to see General Craven's House, where General Walthall's headquarters were established. Then they climbed to the top about 150 feet, where the famous "Battles above the Clouds" was fought, resulting in favor of the Union soldiers. Re-turning down the incline plane a chill ran down Mr. Sawhill's back-bone as he beheld the rocky precipitous places.

The party next went up missionary to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., to the Signal Mounssains and the National Cemetery, on a sightseeing car, which was full of sight-seekers. A crier was along, who described interesting places along the route, which Mrs. Sawhill's little daughter interpreted to them. There are 75000 unknown graves in the cemetery. Chickamauga Park was visited. The Ohio state consisting of two soldiers made impressive view.

While in Chattanooga, Mr. Sawhill got a view of the famous locomotive. The general which was captured from the Confederates by Andrew's Raiders," April 12, 1862. It was one of the most daring exploits of the war. The engine compared with those of today is a small affair with a big hogs-head smoke stack, a long cow catcher, and the tender filled with small logs for fuel. Coal was not used in getting up steam on locomotives in those days, especially in the South. The locomotive is on exhibition in the Chattanooga Station. Mr. Sawhill is down for a lecture or reading at the Talladega School for the Deaf some Saturday evening in October, and also give the Sunday service in the chapel of the School. Mrs. Sawhill and daughter will accompany him, as she formerly was a pupil of the school.

The new teachers at the school are Mr. John Winemiller, Mr. A. W. Ohlenmayer, Mr. F. R. Bellingsley, Misses Bessie MacGregor, Louise Berry, a former teacher, Ethel Van Zant, Nettie B. Newell, Mary Parrish, Gladys Brunner, Elizabeth Burke and Miss Dorothy Durrant. The latter was appointed this week, and is placed in charge of a beginners class. She graduated from the School Class of 1919, and attended Gallaudet nearly two years. Miss Ethelburger Zell has been shifted from the primary to the intermediate grade, which takes her from the B to the C floor.

Some time ago the authorities of the U. S. Government building of this city asked for bids for the painting of several rooms, which are to be fitted up for the use of Attorney General Dougherty when in the city on business. Harry Romoser, of this city, put in a bid, and was the lucky man to get the job. Score another point for the deaf. It was not a case of Civil Service, but an open field and ability to do the work required. He is engaged on it now with his force.

One of the city papers of last evening has an account of Mr. Romoser's son, William, aged twelve, meeting with an accident yesterday, from which he may lose the sight of his right eye. He was watching two school boys of the Roosevelt School, shooting tin foil pellets at each other, when one of the pellets accidentally hit him. He was taken to Grant Hospital for treatment.

As a result, the Principal of the School has instructed the teachers at the building to make a special raid on all sling-shots or rubber bands in possession of the pupils and to confiscate them.

There had been many complaints from people living in the near vicinity of the school building about the boys engaged in this kind of amusement.

Miss Lena Sattler and Mr. Charles W. Harris, both of Cleveland, joined their fortunes for better or worse by getting married September 3d, 1921. Both are graduates of the school, and the bride was for several years, a student at Gallaudet College.

A postal card from West Palm Beach, Fla., announces the arrival there last Saturday of Mrs. Frank Redington and son, Olive. They are to spend the winter there. Mr. Redington has been there since July, and has plenty of work under a contracting firm of that place.

Mrs. Redington says the place is just fine, and she likes it very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Frey, 1455 St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., are sending nice little cards to friends here announcing the birth of an 8 1/2 pound daughter, September 17th. She has been named Caroline Eunice. May she grow up a blessing and comfort to them. We were not aware Charley had left the confines of the Buckeye State.

The four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gillispie, 263 E. Cherry Street, this city, was reported to the police as missing from his home early this week. Have not heard if he had been found.

Rev. C. W. Charles married Mr. John Frazee and Mrs. Myrtle Maddox, of Zanesville, at the home in that city of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene White, September 28th. The couple will live in Canton, O., where Mr. Frazee owns a home.

A. B. G.

OREGON.

The Hunters—W. S. Ethel and the Kid, have been staying in their shanty, on their five-acre fruit farm, during the grape season.

Mrs. J. A. Fisher is helping out the grapes on the Hunter place. The prune season is on, but will be over in a week or two. For the benefit of the readers a brief sketch of prune work will be given. The prune is a plum with a sugar content high enough to allow of drying in the sun, or by artificial heat, without serious loss.

The prune drops off the tree when the sugar content reaches a certain limit, is picked off the ground into boxes, and hauled to a dryer. After weighing, it is dumped into a vat of hot, strong lye, for a minute or two, screened out into clear water, shaken forward to the sorter, who packs a layer on a flat. The flat is shoved into the dryer or laid out on the ground under the sun, and the warm air or the sun dries the prune into half or less of its fresh state. The drying process takes about twenty hours more or less.

The prune business is no sinecure. Early spring frosts or late fall frosts may kill the bloom or shorten the season. Then rain may come and spoil the flats out in the sun.

But the northwest prune in the Columbia, or Willamette, Valleys is unbeatable for size, juice, sweetness, acidity and beauty. The Italian prune is the mainstay, but the French Petite, and sugar taste better. The new Coates 1848 is the comer.

The prune has a big vitamin content, and that fact explains its persistency and longevity in the boarding house fare. The boarders do not die, as you know.

Pruneland sells at \$1000 per acre upwards, and in a season of good fruit and good prices a grower can clear \$200 to \$400 per acre. The best prunes grow in a rich soil in a sheltered valley, under clean cultivation in the growing season.

Grover Evans, Scott Holloway and Theo. C. Mueller have been working on the Thomas P. Clarke prune farm. They had the big A. C. McDonald tent and lived like new millionaires.

Mrs. Lucille Crow Edwards is back in Salt Lake City.

Mr. Amundsen and wife are now in Los Angeles.

The Divines are back in their house, near the School, after a summer on the upland prune farm. Louis R. Divine is back from Arkansas. P. H. Divine is still saving more than one of his nine-cat lives.

El. Langlois is patting himself on his back over the success of his garden—ornamental and useful. Here is notice to the professor that there will be a raid on him for seed, bulb or plant, for another little farm.

The Vancouver Evening Columbian of September 17th: "Service for the Deaf.—All the deaf people of the city and county who are interested are most cordially invited to come and hear Rev. Beyer, of Portland, speak." What are the forty Portland deaf doing that they are overlooking this chance to make wholesale arrests for faking?

Mrs. Ed. Spieler is working in the canuary, while Ed is looking for work. He has been out of work practically since last May.

Grover Evans worked a while at the big camp of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, near Kelso, Wash.

Principal Clarke had visitors from all over the world at his prune ranch in Fruit Valley all summer. This fact may have been the inducement to him to negotiate for the adjoining five-acre prune ranch on the west nearer to the Columbia. Or Mrs. Clarke's habit of feeding every hobo who hops off the trains that run on the East side may have been the cause.

Mrs. Clarke shows motherly, friendly, interest in her help.

Mrs. F. D. Clarke, Mrs. Carroll and Miss Carroll, all well known in teaching circles, have been staying at the Divine town house for the summer.

The pupils were admitted to the

Sells Floto Circus Thursday. Scott Holloway also was there.

June A. Nash, of McCammon, Idaho, has written his old classmate Grover Evans for a sit in a Printing Office. The coast has too many out of work.

B. L. Craven and Dora Campbell show commendable spunk in sticking to work and paying for their fine attractive bungalow.

The following is clipped from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, of September 18th:—Posing as a deaf-mute and capitalizing the sympathies engendered by contract with other unfortunates, led to the arrest yesterday of G. W. Canning in Seattle, on information from Montessane. Canning is alleged to have worked on the sympathies of mute clubs along the Pacific Coast. He was arrested for passing a bogus check on the Aberdeen State Bank, September 10th, and is alleged to have induced a deaf-mute in Aberdeen to endorse the check, which was drawn on the First National Bank of Oceanside, Cal. Canning is twenty-eight years old.

Supt. E. S. Tillinghast, of the Oregon School for the Deaf, and Mr. Emenek, of Aberdeen, Wash., lost \$75 on endorsed checks Oscar Sanders endorsed a check for \$75, but Canning returned \$74.

The State School for the Deaf began the year's session September 14th, with an enrollment of 105 students, which number is less than enrolled at the beginning of the year last fall. There are 46 girls and 58 boys registered at present, and it is expected that about 20 more students will enroll before the week is over.

Four new instructors have been added to the teaching force. They are Miss Margaret Hann, formerly connected with the State School for the Deaf at Salem, Ore., Miss Woodsum, of Corvallis, Ore., Miss Cornell, who was formerly connected with the State School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, and Miss Loyce Lue, formerly with the Gooding, Idaho, School for the Deaf. Miss Margaret Paul, of Mount Airy, Pa., who was with one of the largest State institutions in the United States, will be matron at the State School for the Deaf in Vancouver, and Miss Grace Lindgren, of Ridge-way, Pa., will act in the capacity of girl's supervisor.

Oscar Sanders has quit Seattle and San Francisco. He made himself known to Portland and Vancouver mutes.

Archibald J. Lyon has quit Seattle and gone to Sacramento, Cal. Arthur and Edward Martin and Willis Bartholomew Sherman have left Seattle to work in the apple harvest in Wenatchee.

Winifred Chapman, of Seattle, has gone to Utah to visit for two weeks.

Alberta, eldest daughter of A. W. Wright and wife, of Seattle, was married last March, but kept the fact a secret till September. She is only 17 years old.

John Hagadorn, of Seattle, and Clementine Gerson, of Tacoma, are engaged. She wears the telling diamond ring.

Seattle deaf-mutes had a big Labor Day picnic at Schnitz Park. About 125 were in attendance.

A Portland women was in Seattle inquiring for W. F. Jones, a deaf-mute. Must be an alias.

Claude Wood purchased a five-passenger Ford recently. He may drive it to California.

Burks is in Boise, Idaho.

Rosie Claeys wears an engagement ring. She and Arthur Martin have announced their engagement.

Hugo A. Holcombe had a fifteen days furlough last Spring from his work in the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Mrs. Geo. Ecker and her two children, from Tacoma, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emenek, at Aberdeen.

Mrs. Ethel Hardy Hawler has been visiting in Seattle.

Mrs. Sallie R. Clark and daughter of Mabton, are now living in Seattle. She finds the salt air bracing.

W. S. Root says the story of grass growing in Seattle streets was started by a Portland youth, who spent a day, and on his return announced he saw several thousand calves on Seattle's leading street.

Helvig Coldwin, of Vancouver, B. C., has been visiting her sister, and brother-in-law in Seattle for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root had a party at their Gothic home recently. It was an enjoyable occasion.

THEO. C. MULLER

The firm of architects, Marr & Holman, of Nashville, Tennessee, of which Thomas Marr, a Gallaudet College graduate, Class of 1899, is a member, has landed a \$150,000 job, in being selected for the A. & I. Negro Normal School at Nashville.

An engine device for aircraft, known as "Gallaudet multiple drive," which is a triple gearing arrangement, permitting three distinct engines to drive one propeller together or individually, has been successfully tested, and it is expected this will insure an air trip across the Pacific.

The Gallaudet above mentioned is a son of the late Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet.

OMAHA.

Here we have Thomas Scott Cusaden, the famous slang-slinger and foot-ball hero of Gallaudet and Akron, in a new and different role. He is a married man and wears the honors well. The bride was Miss Nellie Johnson, his boyhood sweetheart. "Cussys" favorite slogan for several years has been, "I'll never marry," but Fate knew better, and so did Nellie, perhaps. They were married at Oug, Neb., Sunday morning, September 4th, at the home of the bride's mother, spent their honeymoon in Lincoln during Fair week and will make their home with Mr. Cusaden's mother for the present. On Saturday evening, September 17th, they were tendered a miscellaneous shower at the Nebraska School by the following: Messrs. and Mesdames O. M. Trenke, Riley E. Anthony, John M. O'Brien, Richard C. Bingham, and Harry G. Long, Mrs. Ota Blankenship, Misses Stacia and Anna Kuta and James R. Jelinek. About seventy friends of the couple were present and the newly weds were surprised alright. Congratulations were extended and a mock-wedding was staged in the auditorium. H. G. Long was the minister and wore an old rain-coat and small boys' straw hat. The bride, Mrs. Blankenship, was attired in a white wedding gown of doubtful texture with a veil of curtain voile and a bouquet consisting of one cabbage head, a handy shield for her giggles and blushes. The groom, Mr. Jelinek, wore a Tuxedo suit several sizes, too big for him and a huge carrot adorned his coat lapel. He was nearly a foot shorter than his bride in height. The brides' parents, Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. Trenke, were very countrified and ancient looking. The bride's maid, Mrs. Trenke, wore a bungalow apron and garden hat and carried a bouquet of full blown carrots. Mr. R. E. Anthony was bestman and kindly furnished the carrots, of which there must have been a bushel used to decorate the entire party. Miss Stacia Kuta, as the ring bearer, Mrs. Bingham as the flower girl and Albert L. Johnson as the page were all very young and undignified and unused to the ways of polite society. The minister was evidently "off his base" for he asked the contracting parties to promise to make life miserable for each other "till the judge did part" and finally announced that they were still unmarried. Following is the ceremony used:—

"Dearest Beloved: We are assembled side by side in this suspicious company to tie the knot of matrimony. It is indeed a rare privilege we have to witness a wedding of this nature, where the female of the species has an opportunity once every four years to grasp the man of her choice by the hair of his head and lead him into everlasting torment. Anyone present having any objections to this marriage please voice your objections now or forever hang your harp on a weeping willow bough. Now, brethren, in order to proceed with the ceremony it is customary to take up a collection for the maintenance of our organ. (You are aware of the fact that we are still renting this organ.) Thank you! Of course, if the collection exceeds the rent-er—the officiating elder will get a small pittance.

"Mr. 'Nobody' Johnson. Do you swear that you gladly wish to get rid of this bride and do you promise that you will cause a lot of unhappiness and always be around when the bride and groom wish to be alone? And you too, Mrs. Raphael Johnson?

"Mr. Thomas Joshua Hiram Scott Cusaden: Repeat after me these words: I profanely swear that I will take this fairest of flowers, sweetest of sweets for my protector, bread earner and meal ticket. Cussy, do you promise to prevaricate, dil-lusion and suspect till the judge doth part, to give your bride one dollar a week and live with your mother-in-law to the end of the chapter?

Nellie Sorry Sympathy Helltrope Johnson: Repeat after me these words: I slovenly promise to take this cave man for my life dependent. Nelly Sorry, do you promise to disobey, vote against your husband and feed him corned beef and cabbage three times a day, and go through his pockets every Saturday night? You will now put upon the sixth finger of the third hand, the emblem of discord without end. With this ring I wed thee. What has been put asunder let no man separate together. I will now denounce you, man and wife. The choir will not sing as it rained last week and the roads are still bad."

After the ceremony Mr. Trenke started, to tell the guests of a game they were to play, but Mr. Booth interrupted him, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Cusaden were wanted in the hall as someone had an important message to deliver. The "message" proved to be a tub full of useful gifts from their friends. These were transferred to the stage and the bride and groom required to tell what they would do with each one before opening it. Ice-

cream and cake were served and impromptu dancing wound up the evenings entertainment.

The Mid-West Chapter of the G. C. A. A. held a "get together" meeting at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Holloway on Friday evening, September 23d. Mr. and Mrs. Tom L. Anderson, Mrs. Scott Suscaden and Hugh S. Courter were admitted to the Chapter. The guests of the evening were Messrs. and Mesdames Geiger, Pound and Wittiver, Misses Little and Dobson and Messrs Netusil and Marty. Dr. J. S. Long gave a very interesting account of his trip to the coast in a Ford with Mrs. Long. In spite of some very harrowing experiences both of them look several years younger than when they went away. On Monday evening, September 26th, half a dozen young people left Omaha on the C. & N. W. and Milwaukee to resume their studies at Gallaudet College. As far as we can ascertain they were Misses Makowski, Anderson and Epley, and Messrs. Falk, Netusil and Reed. They were joined in Council Bluffs by Miss Mary Dobson and Mr. John Marty.

Miss Lettie Kindred assisted by about twelve others tendered a surprise party on Miss Dobson, Tuesday evening, September 27th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lee, brother-in-law and sister of Miss Kindred. Unfortunately Miss Dobson was unable to be present. The evening was spent in games, and refreshments were served at a late hour.

The best amateur entertainment ever given by the Omaha Frats was pulled off Saturday night, September 24th, at the Swedish Auditorium in the large ball room with a stage at one end. A good sized crowd was on hand in spite of threatening weather and a number of hearing friends were there for whom Mrs. O. W. Hendee, a teacher at the Nebraska School interpreted, assisted at the piano by Miss Miller of the Iowa School. Below is the program as arranged and directed by Harry G. Long.

PROGRAM

Hamlet's Soliloquy . . . Act III, Scene I

ACT V, SCENE III

Hamlet Mr. H. G. Long
Ophelia Mrs. H. O. Long

SPECIALTY

"Meet me where the lanterns glow"
Mr. Jas. R. Jelinek and Chorus

THE OLD SONGS

A Musical Comedy in One Act, Place—New York at Midnight

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Roland McAvoy Mr. C. R. Wear
A Struggling Composer, Mr. C. R. Wear
Bunty One of His Friends, Mr. E. Hazel

OLD SONGS

Her Bright Smile Mr. H. G. Long
Captain Jinks Dr. J. S. Long
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp Mr. O. M. Trenke
Red Wing Mrs. Thos. Scott Cusaden
Silver Threads Among the Gold Mrs. Ota Blankenship
 Mrs. Jas. M. O'Brien
Juanita Miss Cecilia Birk
Comin' Thro' the Rye Mrs. O. M. Trenke
Child Grace M. Long

A CHICKEN LEG

Harry-Hustle—Working his way thru college Mr. Lawrence James
Mary Manners Mrs. M. Hazel
Will Willing His sweetheart, Mrs. M. Hazel
Rene Rich Harry's chum, Mr. E. Hazel
 Will's sweetheart, Miss D. James

Mr. Jelinek made a hit as a dapper young fellow with a drill by his chorus of pretty Japanese maidens in the back ground. "The Old Songs" was a very creditable piece of acting, including as it did the singing of several old favorites. "The Chicken Leg" was an original farce with an all star cast and contained a mirth provoking surprise at the end.

The Harmony Club held its first meeting of the season at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Trenke Thursday evening, it was followed by a sumptuous spread.

HAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Ensworth have returned to Akron, Ohio, after summering at Guilford, N. Y., their home.

ANNOUNCEMENT

St. Vincent A. A.

ATHLETIC BRANCH
Xavier Allied Society

Sunday, October 23, 1921

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS INSTITUTE

Particulars Later

Rev. Hugh A. Dalton,
Moderator.

Matty Higgins,
President.

LOS ANGELES.

The Fraternival for Los Angeles Division, No. 27, under the direction of Chairman Matheis, which wound up four days of merry making, with something doing every minute, September 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, has never been planned before, and was the most pleasant affair the Division ever had. Hats off to the chairman, who had planned it himself and worked hard with lots of perspiration and made it a great success. Now, ye scribe will mention the events of each day, beginning with.

September 2d—A large delegation of the deaf met at the Walker Auditorium, 730 Grand Avenue, at one o'clock in the afternoon and went over to the Goodyear Rubber factory by motor, finding another party waiting to join them, then they all visited the factory together through the courtesy of the manager of the plant. In the evening, a record breaking crowd that jammed the Garfield Hall of the same auditorium attended the grand indoor carnival, and enjoyed themselves to the limit. Fancy dancing given by Miss Martin, of Kansas, and Miss Quail, of Ohio, both deaf, in their pretty costumes, attracted the two hundred, who also enjoyed the treat of grape juice, which William Bryan always praises as the best liquid to drink. The chairman seemed to be well satisfied with the proceeds, which were such a smashing success that would be hard to duplicate by any committee in the future.

September 3d.—The Frats of Los Angeles Division, No. 27, had a very busy day shopping to get what they needed, getting well-dressed, looking for their due car's and thinking of their pass word, preparatory to attend a grand stag smoker in the evening. The smoker usually brought forth lots of fun and laughter in the way of the goat. Following this, boxing exhibition given by Mr. Coap, of San Francisco and Mr. Deputy, of Los Angeles, both clever deaf boxers, amused the frats to the utmost. The serving of assorted pies with brick ice cream ended the evening.

September 4th.—In the morning a hotly contested game of baseball, between the Goodyear Silents and the local frats, drew an unusually large crowd of the deaf at Exposition Park. There were lots of rooting on both sides, which brought forth laughter. The game did not end until afternoon, making every fan hungry, and was won by the frats by a score of 11 to 7. Messrs. Anderson, Hartman, Brown, and Allen, of the Goodyear Silents, and Messrs. Burson, Doodson, Samuelson and Kett of the frats, featured the game by their fine fielding and hitting. Mr. Paul Martin, the well known Chicagoan, aided by Mr. Cohen, of New York, on bases, umpired the game in a very satisfactory manner. Soon after the game was over the deaf aped home for dinner, in preparation for their afternoon engagements.

September 5th.—In celebration of Labor Day, the Seventh Annual picnic of Los Angeles Division, No. 27, the deaf turned out in splendid numbers for the picnic at Brookside Park in Pasadena, nine miles north from Los Angeles, and they numbered with their wives, families, friends and visitors, well on to approximately three hundred. Foot races and other contests made up the afternoon program. After sunset all the picnicers dispersed for their homes, filled with pleasant memories of the grand picnic they had. Nearly all of them had never been to the park before, and said that it was really an ideal place for a picnic. The place is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and is well equipped with all kinds of amusements, including baseball park, swimming pool, etc. Again hats off to Chairman Matheis, who was greatly praised for the great success of the Fraternival by his loyal and spirited work.

On the evening of September 2d a great sensation was created among the deaf at the carnival, when a rumor was announced of the secret marriage of Miss E. Roy and Mr. L. Fisk, who were by a coincidence not present. It was said that most of the deaf, who either buy or take daily morning papers, looked them up to see if their names were in the marriage list the first thing before breakfast, but failed. The next evening, when Mr. Fisk appeared at the stag smoker, he was unexpectedly showered with congratulations and emphatically said that he was not married and that the rumor was false. All the frats turned to their chairs and settled down comfortably forgetting the matter. The bachelor did not attend the ball game and picnic for fear of being again bothered by showers of congratulations from others who believed the rumor.

Among the deaf at the picnic on Labor Day were Mr. L. Lipsett, Mr. F. Taylor, Mrs. J. W. Howson and Miss I. Lynch, all of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. Bucoy, of Pennsylvania; Mr. J. Wells, of Tennessee; Mr. Ed. Sutter, of Louisiana; Mr. O. Lewis, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, all of San Diego.

It will be delightful news to the friends of Mr. Barwise that he has become a benedict. His wife was

formerly Miss Ethel Dewitt. They were married last week. Both were educated at Berkeley. They are comfortably located at Ontario, not far from Los Angeles, where Mr. Wise is in the bee business.

Mr. W. Terry has been under the weather for the past week, but is recovering from the effects of the la grippe, under the good care of his wife, who is some nurse.

Mr. Frank Burson's brother died from the effects of an operation for appendicitis last week. He has the most sincere sympathy of his many friends in Los Angeles and its vicinity.

To Mr. Berg: Don't blame us for stealing one of your silent friends, Miss Whitaker from Indiana, who has become a resident of Los Angeles. Our tempting climate is alone at fault.

Miss L. Garrett is recovering from her illness, which confined her to her home for several days. That is the reason she did not attend the Fraternival.

Mrs. F. Roberts has been busy for several weeks past, making lots of improvements around her beach cabin, after which she expects to dispose of it and then move back to Los Angeles for the winter season.

Breeding in Los Angeles recently is Mr. E. Taylor, who has been a frequent visitor here for some five years or more. He is enthusiastic over our climate and will not return to his bay city home until October.

Taking advantage of her vacation, Miss Ella Roy left for the north, expecting to be gone about a week. It might be a little longer. California has claimed Mr. and Mrs. F. Bucoy, of Edgewood Park, Pa., as permanent Angelenos. Having traveled about the country for fifteen years, they finally found this place to their best liking. Mr. Bucoy is steadily employed by the Goodyear Rubber plant.

E. M. PRICE.

GENEROUS FEES

Old time dentistry, as several recent anecdotes in *The Companion* have illustrated, was primitive, painful and peculiar. Some of the methods of our ancestors provoke a ready smile in this modern era, a safe century or so removed from the possibility of experiencing them; they are even consolatory, by contrast, for the necessity of a less degree of present endurance. Quite as amusing as ancient methods among our civilized forbears are the occasional results when modern methods are applied among uncivilized or alien people to-day.

It was Lord Cromer that first told the story of how the Khedive of Egypt tested laughing gas on two of his followers before he would intrust himself to a European dentist, and how he expressed his thankfulness when the aching tooth had been extracted by giving the dentist five thousand dollars.

A fee equally generous, considering the donor's resources, but distinctly more embarrassing to the recipient, was once offered a missionary who had come to the relief of a native chief who was suffering agonies from persistent toothache. The missionary was neither doctor nor dentist, but a few instruments, including a powerful forceps, were included in his outfit. He did not promise that the operation would be painless, for he had no suitable anesthetic, but he believed it would be successful even if several previous attempts by native means had broken off the tooth close to the gum. The chief had courage, but he was tired of being tortured for nothing, and he insisted on seeing the strange instrument used on some one else first. Two or three slaves were summoned, but the missionary stoutly refused to remove any of their strong, white and perfectly sound teeth to please their master.

The chief was puzzled and angered by the refusal, and things began to look threatening indeed, when the missionary's wife stepped into the breach. She had a hollow tooth, which could have been filled had they been in a civilized country, but which she was willing to part with since they were not. In the presence of an interested assembly, comprising the entire village, with the chief in a seat of honor in the front row, her husband extracted it. Then—with a desperate grip and an appalling wrench—he extracted that of the chief, who emitted a hair-raising yell, but who was so grateful that he insisted on bestowing the gift that he had promised—although the amateur dentist claimed no fee—and presented the missionary with two brand-new, smiling black wives!

It was with the utmost difficulty that the missionary, with the tactful but resolute assistance of Mrs. Missionary, succeeded in declining the ladies without offense and maintaining his preference for a goat.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.
Mrs. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter

Sabbath School—2 P.M.

Sermon—3 P.M.

Christian Endeavor—4:15 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

Deaf Woman Killed

BAINBRIDGE, PA., Sept. 14—Mrs. Henrietta Norris, of this place, was instantly killed yesterday when she was struck by an engine of the Pennsylvania Railroad here.

Mrs. Norris, who was 72 years of age, was crossing the track with a bucket of water. She was deaf and failed to hear the approaching train. She was thrown a hundred feet by the impact.

Come on, ole dear,

BARN DANCE

of the

Alphabet Athletic Club

—AT—

WAVERLY HALL

Myrtle and Waverly Avenues,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1921.

At 8 o'clock

SOUVENIRS TO ALL

Tickets - - - 35 Cents

LANTERN DANCE

auspices of

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

S. W. J. D. BUILDING
40-44 West 118th Street
NEW YORK CITY

SOUVENIRS

Saturday Evening, Nov. 26th

at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

COMING EVENTS:

December 24—Hanukkah Party.

January 28— ????

February 18— ????

Come All Fun for All Fine Prizes

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

under auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

to be held at

St. Mark's Parish House

606 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1 block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave., "L" Train

Monday Eve, November 7, 1921.

Admission 35c Including Refreshments

Mr. J. H. BRENDEN, Chairman

Mr. E. Berg Mr. J. Heil
Miss C. Hagermann Miss C. Christgau
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—ON—

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MUSIC BY MRS. BEGGS' BAND.

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FOURTEENTH

ANNUAL

MASK and CIVIC BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Greater New York Division, No. 23

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Saturday Evening, February 4th, 1922

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\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

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The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month at 2:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capelle, President; Jack Seltzer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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